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But can the view of Nature's beauties
 please
 The eye where tears so long are wont to
 flow?
 Or can the wildest, sweetest wood-notes
 ease,
 The heart that bleeds with long-remem-
 ber'd woe?
 They cannot heal: yet they can charm
 awhile,
 And give the care-worn heart a short relief,
 We gaze, we listen, we consent to smile,
 For feeling bosoms taste a joy in grief.
 Yes! there are moments dear to feeling
 minds,
 When Memory bids the tide of rapture
 flow
 Breathing their whispered fancies to the
 winds,
 They smile in sorrow and rejoice in woe.
 Ev'n I, who absent from my native plains
 Am doom'd forlorn o'er distant lands to
 roam,
 Impell'd by fate to cross the trackless
 main,
 And seek of strangers an uncertain home,
 Am not unblest; for fancy still supplies,
 Some sweet relief to soothe my bosom's
 woe,
 And whilst I wipe the tear drops from mine
 eyes
 I half believe that 'tis for joy they flow.
 Remembrance shews those hours for ever
 fled,
 When youthful hope improved each dis-
 tant view,
 Entwin'd her choicest garland round my
 head,
 And smiled on all that busy Fancy drew.
 Her magic smiles o'ercame my untried
 eyes,
 Her sweetly waibled strains entranced
 my ear,
 Perfidious friend! she gave me ceaseless
 sighs
 And for my only solace, gave a tear.

HENRY,

LORD ELLESMERE.*

SOUND thy horn my bonny boy blue,
 Sound it mellow and clear,
 The morning breaks and wet is the dew,
 And I'll up and hunt the deer.
 "Oh! do not, do not," cries Eleanor fair
 The wife of the lord Ellesmere,
 "Oh do not my love for I cannot bear,
 That thou should'st hunt the deer.

*This little poem was written after reading
 some sentimental poetry to show how easily the af-
 fection of sentimentality and its smooth language
 may be unmasked and ridiculed.

For I have read that the stag, when
 sorely press'd,
 And stuck with the hunter's spear,
 Heaves piteous groans from his anxious
 breast,
 And rolls down the big round tear.

Then promise me, love, that you won't
 oppress,
 So forlorn and so timid a foe—
 Poor thing, abandon'd by friends in dis-
 tress.

Would you aggravate his woe?"

"I will not, my treasure, the stag pursue,
 Thou pattern of pity so rare,
 But sound thy horn my bonny boy blue,
 For I'll up and hunt the hare."

"Oh! do not, do not," cries Eleanor fair,
 The wife of the lord Ellesmere,
 "But list to the tale of a hunted hare—
 'Twill beguile thee, love, of a tear."

One day as I sat by the river's brink
 A hare ran panting by,
 She stopped, she trembled, she tried to
 drink—

While she listened the hunters' cry.

The hunters approached, and the dogs
 were nigh,

The poor hare with terror oppress'd,
 Upturn'd her dim imploring eye—
 I snatched her up in my breast—

And I bore her away from the dogs so
 fell,

And the dogs were at fault till eve,
 And I heard you storm, but I knew full
 well

That my love would his Ellen forgive.

And I soothed her, and fed her, and made
 her a bed,

And she's grown so tame and so free,
 That she comes and eats from my hand
 the bread,

Come puss, let your master see.

Poor Puss! he will not hurt thee now,
 He will not for Ellen's sake—

Thou shalt never be hurt, I have made a
 vow,

And that vow my love will not break.

"No! by my soul," cried Ellesmere,

And he kissed her cheek so fair,
 And he dropped on that cheek a gentle
 tear,

And he patted the hunted hare."

"Then sound thy horn my bonny boy blue,
 Against the fox and the wolf prepare,
 For thy sake I never again will pursue
 Thy favorites the deer and the hare."